DOWN THE LINE

with JOHN HENRY

by

HUGH McHUGH

Adam A. Lesnick

"Take a satchel and the ice-tongs and haul it away!"—Page 19.

DOWN THE LINE

WITH

JOHN HENRY

By HUGH McHUGH
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HENRY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY McKEE BARCLAY.

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1901,
BY G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.

All rights reserved

Any infringement of copyright will be strictly dealt with according to law.

DOWN THE LINE

WITH JOHN HENRY

To:—

Pete and the Little Man, two of the best ever—believe me!

John Henry.

CONTENTS.

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES, - - 13

JOHN HENRY AND THE DRUMMERS, 29

JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA, - - - 47

JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK, 63

JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY, 77

JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICALE, - 89

JOHN HENRY PLAYS GOLF, - - 99

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

"TAKE A SATCHEL AND THE ICE-TONGS AND HAUL IT AWAY."

"A BUNCH OF BRISK BOYS — BELIEVE ME!"

"WHEN CLARA JANE AROSE, SHE WAS A MASS OF ICICLES!"

"WE GET IT GOOD AND PLENTY EVERY DAY!" SAID STEVE.

"FOR A CHASER SHE WORE ONE OF THOSE FEATHER BOAS."

"HE GATHERED THE GOURD UP UNDER HIS CHIN."

"JAKE INVITED HER TO JOIN THE HUNTING PARTY."

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES.

I WAS anxious to make Clara Jane think that she was all the money, so I boiled out a few plunks, trotted over to the trolley, and rushed her to the race track.

I'm a dub on the dope, but it was my play to be a Wise Boy among the skates on this particular occasion, and I went the whole distance.

In the presence of my lady love I knew every horse that ever pulled a harrow.

Isn't it cruel how a slob will cut the

guy-ropes and go up in the air just because his Baby is by his side?

Me—to the mountain tops!

Before the car got started I was telling her how Pittsburg Phil and I win $18,000 last summer on a fried fish they called "Benzine."

Then I confided to her the fact that I doped a turtle named "Pink Toes" to win the next day, but he went over the fence after a loose bunch of grass and I lose $23,680.

She wanted to know what I meant by dope, and I told her it generally meant a sour dream, but she didn't seem to grab.

When we got to the track they were bunching the bones for the first race, so I told Clara Jane I thought I'd crawl down to the ring and plaster two

or three thousand around among the needy.

Two or three thousand, and me with nothing but a five-spot in my jeans and the return ticket money in that!

"Are you really going to bet?" she asked.

"Sure!" I said; "I've got a pipe!"

"Well, I hope you won't smoke it near me. I hate pipes!" she said.

"All right; I'll take my pipe down to the betting ring and smoke it there!" I said, and we parted good friends.

In front of the grand stand I met Nash Martinetti.

He was holding a bunch of poppies and he picked out one in the first race and handed it to me.

"A skinch!" said Nash. "Go as far as you like."

Then Ned Rose went into a cataleptic state and handed me the winner—by a block. It couldn't go wrong unless it's feet fell out.

"Here you are, John Henry, the real Pietro!" said Ban Roberts; "play Pump Handle straight and place! It's the road to wealth—believe me! All the others are behind the hill!"

Every Breezy Boy I met had a different hunch and they called me into the wharf and unloaded.

I figured it out that if I had bet $5 on each good thing they gave me I would have lost $400,000.

Then I ducked under, sopped up a stein of root beer and climbed up again to the hurricane deck.

"Did you bet?" inquired Clara Jane.

"Only $730," I said; "A mere bag o' shells."

I leave a call for 7.30 every morning and I suppose that's the reason I was so swift with the figures.

"My! what a lot of money!" said the Fair One; "do point out the horse you bet on! I shall be awfully interested in this race!"

Carlo! you're a ad dog—lie down!

I pointed out the favorite as the one I had my bundle on, and explained to Clara Jane that the only way it could lose was for some sore-head to get out and turn the track around.

Sure enough the favorite galloped into port and dropped anchor six hours ahead of the other clams.

I win over $2,200—conversation money—and Bonnie Brighteyes was in a frenzy of delight.

She wanted to know if I wasn't going to be awfully careful with it and save it up for a rainy day.

I told her yes, but I expected we'd have a storm that afternoon.

I had a nervous chill for fear she'd declare herself in on the rake-off.

But she didn't, so I excused myself and backed down the ladder to cash in.

The boys were all out in the inquest room trying to find out what killed the dead ones.

Then they stopped apologizing to themselves and began to pick things out of the next race and push them up their sleeves.

I ran across Harry Maddy and he took me up to the roof with a line of talk about a horse called "Pretty Boy" in the last race.

"He'll be over 80 to 1 and it's a killing." Harry insisted. "Get down to the bank when the doors open and grab all you can. Take a satchel and the ice-tongs and haul it away."

I was beginning to be impressed.

"Put a fiver on Pretty Boy," Harry continued, "and you'll find yourself dropping over in the Pierp Morgan class before sun down."

"This may be a real Alexander," I said to myself.

"Pretty Boy can stop in the stretch to do a song and dance and still win by a bunch of houses," Harry informed me.

I began to think hard.

"Don't miss it," said Harry. "It's a moral that if you play him you'll die rich and disgraced, like our friend Andy, the Hoot Mon!"

When I got back to the stand I had a preoccupied air.

The five-spot in my jeans was crawling around and begging for a change of scene.

When Clara Jane asked me how much I had bet on the race just about to start I could only think of $900.

When she wanted to know which horse I pointed my finger at every toad on the track and said "that one over there!"

It won.

At the end of the third race I was $19,218 to the good.

Clara Jane had it down in black and white on the back of an envelope in figures that couldn't lie.

She said she was very proud of me, and that's where my finish bowed politely and stood waiting.

She told me that it was really very wrong to bet any more after such a run of luck, and made me promise that I wouldn't wring another dollar from the trembling hands of the poor Bookmakers.

I promised, but she didn't notice that I had my fingers crossed.

I simply *had* to have a roll to flash on the way home, so I took my lonely V and went out into the Promised Land after the nuggets Maddy had put me wise to.

"It will be just like getting money from Uncle Peter," I figured.

"A small steak from Pretty Boy," I said to Wise Samuel, the Bookmaker; "what's doing?"

Wise Samuel gave me the gay look-over.

"Take the ferry for Sioux Falls!" he said.

"Nix on the smart talk, Sammy!" I said; "Me for the Pretty Boy! How much?"

"A bundle for a bite—you're on a cold plate!" whispered Wise Samuel, but he couldn't throw me.

"I don't see any derricks to hoist the price with," I tapped him.

"Write your own ticket, then you to the woods!" said Sammy.

In a minute my fiver was up and I

was on the card to win $500 when my cute one came romping home.

I went back to Clara Jane satisfied that in a few minutes I'd have a roll big enough to choke the tunnel.

"Not having any money on this race you can watch it without the least excitement, can't you?" she said.

I said yes, and all the while I was scrapping with a lump in my throat the size of my fist.

When the horses got away with Pretty Boy in front I started in to stand on my head, but changed my mind and swallowed half the program.

Pretty Boy at the quarter! Me for Rector's till they put the shutters up!

Pretty Boy at the half! Me down

to Tiffany's in the morning dragging tiaras away in a dray!

Pretty Boy at the three-quarter pole! Me doing the free library gag all over the place!

But just as they came in the stretch Pretty Boy forgot something and went back after it.

The roach quit me cold at the very door of the safety deposit vaults.

I was under the water a long time.

Finally I heard Clara Jane saying, "Isn't it lucky you didn't bet on this race. I believe you would have picked that foolish looking horse that stopped over there to bite the fence!"

"I'm done! turn me over!" I murmured, and then I rushed down among the ramblers and made a swift touch for the price of a couple of rides home.

On the way back Clara Jane made me promise again that I'd be awfully, awfully careful of my $19,218.

I promised her I would.

JOHN HENRY
WITH THE DRUMMERS.

"A bunch of brisk boys—
believe me!"—Page 29.

JOHN HENRY WITH THE DRUMMERS.

IT was a swift squad of sports that climbed into a coach and allowed themselves to be yanked over the rails in the direction of Chicago one morning last week.

A bunch of brisk boys—believe me!

Nick Dalrymple, Tod Stone, Slim Barnes—say! do you remember Slim?

Travels for a clothing house in Cincinnati and they call him Slim because he's so fat that every time he turns around he meets himself coming back.

He's all to the good—that boy is!

And such a cut-up!

Slim knows more "look-out!—there's - a - lady - over - there!" stories than any other drummer in the business.

Nick goes after the gilt things for a hardware house in Columbus and he knows everybody in the world—bar no one living.

Nick has only one trouble, he *will* paddle after the ponies.

Whenever he makes a town where there's a pool room his expense account gets fat and beefy, and Nick begins to worry for fear he may win something.

He won $12 in Cleveland once and he spent $218 at a boozeologist's that

night getting statistics on how it happened.

Tod Stone cuts ice for a match factory in Newark and he's the life of a small party.

Tod's main hold is to creep into the "reading room" of a Rube hotel after the chores are done of an evening and throw salve at the come-ons.

Tod tells them that their town is the brightest spot on the map and they warm up to him and want to buy him sarsaparilla and root beer.

Then when he gets them stuck on themselves he sells them matches.

"Pipe the gang to quarters and all rubber!" said Slim, about half an hour after the train pulled out.

In the seat ahead of us a somewhat demure looking Proposition in rain-

bow rags had been sampling the scenery ever since we started.

We had all given her the glad glance but she was very much Cold Storage, so we passed it up.

As Slim spoke, the Proposition was joined by a young chap with a loose face who had been out in the smoking room working faithfully on one of those pajama panatella cigars that bite you on the finger if you show the least sign of fear.

Just then the train stopped for a few minutes and we were put wise to the fact that it was an incurable case of bride and groom.

"Oh! Boozey is back to his Birdie!" said the brand new wife; "did Boozey like his smoky woky?"

Boozey opened a bunch of grins and

sat d wn while wifey patted his cheek and cooed:

"Is ums glad to get back to ums 'ittle wifey-pifey?"

Nick Dalrymple and Tod Stone began to scream inwardly and Slim was chuckling like a pet porpoise.

"Sweetie mustn't be angry with Petie, but Sweetie is sitting on Petie's 'ittle hand!" said the bride, whereupon Tod exploded and Slim began to grab for his breath.

A Dutch brewer and his wife sat right ahead of Boozey and Birdie and every once in a while the old hop puncher would turn around and beam benignly over the gold rims at the bride.

"Boozie must snuggy-wuggy up closer to his Coozie and skeeze her

'itty arm—no, no, not waist! you naughty! naughty!"

The brewer was back at the bride with another gold-rimmed goo-goo when his wife got nervous and cut in:

"Is id you turn your face to see someding—yes?" she snapped, and the foam builder ducked to the window and began to eat scenery.

Dalrymple was almost out; Tod was under the seat sparring for wind; Slim was giving an imitation of a coal-barge in a heavy sea, and the rest of the passengers were in various stages from hiccoughs to convulsions.

"Is Boozey comfy wif his 'itty weeny teeny Birdie?" chirped the bride.

"Boozey is so happy wif his izzy—

wizzy!" gurgled the husband; "how's my 'ittle girley wirly?"

"Oh! she's such a happy wappy 'ittle fing!" giggled the dotty dame, pinching her piggie's ear, whereupon the brewer tried to hand the bride another gasoline gaze, but the old lady caught him with the goods:

"Is id to my face you go behind my back to make googley-googley eyes ad somevun—yes?" she growled, and in a minute the brewer's brow was busy with the window pane.

"Sweetie looks at Petie and Sweetie sees that Petie's p'etty face is getting sunburned, so it is!" cuckooed Mrs. Daffy; "and Sweetie has a dood mind to tiss him, too!"

They opened a newspaper, crawled

under cover and began to bite each other on the chin.

"Go as far as you like!" said Slim, then he went down and out.

The man who helped to make Weehawken famous had his head out the window watching for an ice-wagon, and Mrs. Brewer was industriously muttering "Du bist ein Narr Du bist ein Narr!"

Just then the train pulled out and saved out lives.

Nick, Tod, Slim and I went over near the water-cooler to rest up, and in a minute the three of them were fanning each other with fairy tales about the goods they sold.

I'll back these three boys to dream longer than any other drummers on the track.

It's a pipe that they can sell bills to each other all day and never wake up.

Slim turned the gas on to the limit about hypnotizing a John Wanamaker merchant prince in Pikesville, Indiana, to the extent of $200 for open-work socks, farmer's size, and Todd Stone sent his balloon up by telling us how he sold the Siegel-Coopers of Bugsport, Iowa, $300 worth of Panama hats for horses.

The Hot Air Association was in full session when Buck Jones caromed over from the other end of the car and weighed-in with us.

Buck is a sweller.

He thinks he strikes twelve on all occasions, but his clock is all to the bad.

Buck isn't a drummer—nay! nay! take back your gold!

He'll look you straight in the eye and tell you he's a *travelling salesman* —nix on the drummer!

I think Buck sells canned shirt waists for the Shine Brothers.

Buck's wife and a three-year-old were traveling with him, but he wasn't giving it out through a megaphone.

Buck is one of those goose-headed guys who begin to scratch gravel and start in to make a killing every time they see a pretty girl.

Across the aisle sat two pet canaries from Plainfield, New Jersey.

They were members of the Soubrette Stinging Society and they were en route to the West to join the

"Bunch of Birds Burlesque Company."

Their names were Millie and Tillie and they wore Florodora hats and did a sister act that contained more bad grammar than an East Side pinochle game.

Millie was fully aware that she could back Duse off the map, and Tillie was ready to bet a week's salary that she could make Bernhardt feel like she was out in the storm we had day before yesterday.

Slim called them the Roast-Beef Sisters, Rare and Well-done.

In a minute the castors on Buck's neck began to turn.

Slim put us wise with a wink so we lit the fire and began to cook it up.

Buck's heart was warming for the birds in the gilded cage.

"The real Kibo!" said Slim; "it's a plain case of Appomattox; the war is over and they are yours, Buck!"

Buck turned a few more volts into his twinkling lamps.

"Lower your mainsail, Buck, and drop alongside; you've made the landing," suggested Nick.

Buck began to feel his necktie and play patty-cake with the little bald spot on the top of his head.

"Stop the hansom and get out; you're at your corner," said Tod.

The Sweet Dreams across the way were giving Buck the glorious eye-roll and he felt that dinner was ready.

"Hang up your hat, Buck, and

gather the myrtle with Mary!" I chipped in.

Then Buck bounced over and began to show Millie and Tillie what a handsome brute he was at close quarters.

He sat on the arm of the seat and steamed up.

In less than a minute he crowded the information on them that he was a millionaire who had escaped from Los Angeles, Cal., and he was just going to put them both in grand opera when his three-year-old toddled down the aisle and grabbed him by the coat tail:

"Papa! Mama wants 'oo to det my bottle of milk!"

"Stung!" shrieked Slim.

"Back to the nursery!" howled Tod, and then as Buck crawled away to home and mother we let out a yell

that caused the conductor to think the train had struck a Wild West show.

During the rest of the trip Buck was nailed to his seat.

Every time he tried to use the elastic in his neck the wife would burn him with a hard, cold glitter.

The Roast-Beef Sisters seemed to be all carved up about something or other.

We were back to the shop selling things again when Sledgeheimer fluttered down among us.

The boys call him putty because he's the next thing to a pane.

He's such a stingy loosener that he looks at you with one eye so's not to waste the other.

If you ask Sledgeheimer what time

it is he takes off four minutes as his commission for telling you.

"Barnes," said Sledgeheimer. "do you smoke?"

It was a knock-out.

In the annals of the road no one could look back to the proud day when Sledgeheimer had coughed.

Once, so the legend runs, he gave a porter a nickel, but it was afterwards discovered that Sledgeheimer was asleep and not responsible at the time, so the porter gave it back.

Sledgeheimer tried to collect three cents interest for the time the porter kept the nickel, and the conductor had to punch his mileage and his nose before he'd let go.

And now Sledgeheimer had asked Barnes if he smoked.

Slim was pale but game.

"Sometimes!" he answered.

"Do you like a goot seegar?" queried Sledgeheimer.

We looked for the engine to hit a cow any minute now.

"Sure!" said Slim, weak all over.

"Vell," said Sledgeheimer, "here is my brudder-in-law's card. He makes dot Grass Vidow seegar on Sigsth Afenue. Gif him a call und mention my name. He vill be glat to see you, yet."

Then Sledgeheimer went away back and sat down.

The laugh was on Slim so he got busy with the button.

JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA

JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA.

BOYS! let me put you wise! If you want to keep off the griddle don't ever try to show your shy little lady friend how the birdies sing in " Bohemia."

You'll get stung if you do.

For the past six months Clara Jane has been handing out hints that she'd like to have me take her down the line and let her Oh, listen to the band! in one of those real devilish New York restaurants.

She intimated that she'd like to sit in the grand stand and hold the watch

on those who are going the pace that kills.

She wanted to know if I thought she could toy with a tenderloin steak in a careless café without getting the call down from Uncle William.

Clara Jane's Uncle William hands out the lesson leaflets in Sunday school and wrestles the Golden Rule to a finish every Sabbath.

During the week he conducts a fire sale.

I told her I thought she could and she was pleased.

"I'm just crazy to take lunch, sometime, among the Bohemians!" she gurgled.

I told her I though she'd have a happier time if we tramped down to the tunnel and butted in among the

Italians just as the twelve o'clock whistle blew, and she threw both lamps at me good and hard.

Clara Jane spent the summer once at Sag Harbor and she's been a subscriber for *The Young Ladies' Home Companion,* but outside of these her young life has been devoid of excitement.

A few days ago I took her to the matinee at "The New York" where you have to pinch off only 50 cents and then you're entitled to slosh around in parlor furniture and eat up about $8 worth of comedy.

That "New York" thing is immense —believe me!

Everything else has faded away.

After the show we thought we'd pat

the pave for a few blocks and who should we run into but Bud Phillips.

Bud belongs to the Grand Lodge of Good Fellows.

So far as I can size him up the Good Fellow puts in twelve hours a day trying to stab himself to death with gin rickeys, and the other twelve are devoted to yelling for help and ice-water.

This is not a tap on the door. Nix on the knock.

It isn't my cue to aim the hammer.

When it comes to falling off the water wagon I can do a bit of a specialty in grand and lofty tumbling that gets a loud hand from all the members of the High Tide Association. So nix on the knock.

His father cut out the breathing

business about two years ago and left Bud $100,000 and a long dry spell on the inside.

Bud has been in the lake ever since.

"As you were!" said Bud. "Why, it's John Henry! touch thumbs, old pal?" and then in a side speech he wanted to know what troupe the soubrette was cutting-up with.

If Clara Jane had heard him my finish would have hopped over the fence then and there.

But she didn't, so I introduced them and quietly tipped Bud off to the fact that it will be a case of wedding bells when Willie gets a wad—be nice! be nice!

And Bud woke up to the occasion.

"You to the carryall!" he said.

"I'll float you down to Muttheimer's and we'll get busy with the beans!"

"He's out to cough for a few cookies," I explained to Clara Jane.

"I never heard of Muttheimer's before," said Clara Jane, on the side.

"You luck has given you a thrown-down," I said.

"But I do hope it's Bohemian," she sighed.

"Sure!" I said. I hated to break her heart.

Muttheimer's is one of those eateries where the waiters look wise because they can't speak English.

If you ask them a question they bark at you in German.

It's supposed to be Bohemian because there's sawdust on the floor and the flies wear pajamas and say "Pro-

sit!" before falling in the stuff that you swallow to-day and taste to-morrow.

Bud bunches his hits on the bell and the low-forehead has a Fitzsimmons hug on the order when Ikey Mincenpizenstein crawls into the harbor and drops anchor at our table.

I don't know how Ikey ever pressed close enough to get on Bud's staff.

Ikey is a lazy loosener.

When the waiter deals out the check Ikey is the busiest talker in the bunch.

Whenever he passes a bank he takes off his hat and walks on his toes.

He's the sort of a Sim Dempsey who sheds in-growing tears every time anybody spends money in his neighborhood.

He hates to see it wasted, and that's why his whiskers peep out of his face and worry the wind.

But, then, a Good Fellow doesn't have to go to sea to gather barnacles.

I spoke his name fast when I introduced Ikey to Clara Jane but she was busy trying to live a swift life by ordering a seltzer lemonade, so it didn't make much difference, anyway.

"What is he?" she whispered after a bit, "a painter?"

"Oh! he's a painter all right," I said. "When some one leads him up to a tub."

"Water-colors or oil?" she asked.

"Oil," I said; "Fusel oil."

"Has he ever done any good thing?" said she.

"Yes," I said; "Bud Phillips."

"Oh, I'm enjoying this so much! Who is the man with the fawn-like eyes and the long hair at that other table?" she whispered.

He was the night-watchman of the apartment house next door but I gave her an easy speech to the effect that he was Bill Beethoven, a grandson of old man Beethoven who wrote the wedding march and "Mah Rainbow Coon" and "Father Was a Gentleman When Mother Was Not Near" and several other gems.

She thought she was in Bohemia and having the time of her life, so I let her dream.

In the meantime Budd was busy trying to put out the fire in the well Ikey used for a neck.

Every time a waiter looked over at

our table Bud's roll would blaze up.

Clara Jane concluded she'd broaden out a bit on Art and the Old Masters so she asked Ikey if he liked Rembrandt.

Ikey looked at her out of the corner of one eye and said, "Much 'bliged, but I'm up to here now!"

Then he went to sleep.

Bud was beginning to see double. Every once in a while he'd stop trying to whistle "Sallie, My Hot Tamale," and he'd look over at Clara Jane and hand her a sad, sad smile.

Then he'd press money in the waiter's hand and wait for his music cue.

Clara Jane had about decided that Bohemia was away up stage, but I wouldn't let go. I wanted her to

get the lesson of her life, and that's where my finish began to get busy.

Tom Barclay waltzed into the subway, saw me and in a minute he was making the break of his life.

"Why, hello, John Henry!" said Tom, "say, I saw her to-day—and she's immense! You've got a great eye, old man!"

I tossed off a few wicked winks on that great eye of mine but Tom went right along to the funeral.

"Lizzie B. is a peach, John Henry! You've got the eye for the good girls, all right, all right!" he chortled.

Clara Jane began to freeze.

I felt like a boiled potato in the hands of an Irish policeman.

"She's every bit to the good, old man!" Tom turned it on again; "she

makes all the other birds chatter in the cage. And her feet—did you ever see such feet?"

I looked at Clara Jane's face, but there was no light in the window for me.

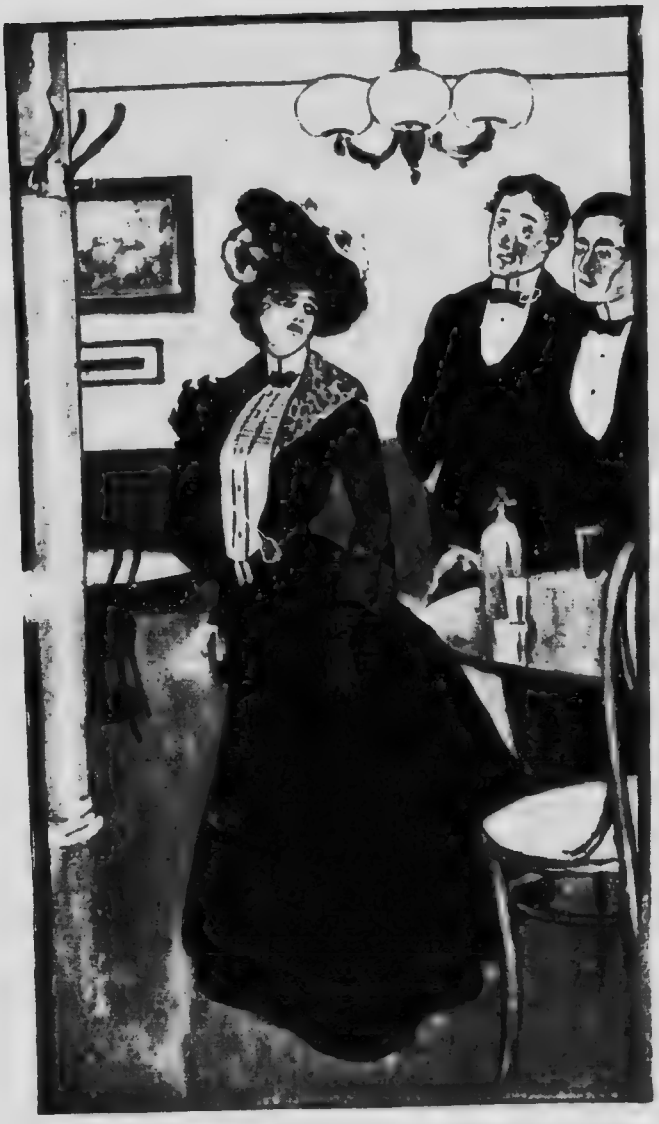
"You certainly picked out a warm proposition when you put your arms around Lizzie B. and I'm your friend for life for hauling me up in the chariot with you—what'll you have?" croaked Tom.

"Thirty-two bars rest," I whispered hoarsely; "cut it all out!"

"Cut out nothing!" said the prize idiot; "We'll drink to Lizzie B. What'll your lady friend have?"

When Clara Jane arose she was a mass of icicles.

"Mr. John Henry! will you have



"She was a mass of icicles when she arose."—Page 58.

the kindness to escort me to a car?" she said, giving me the glittering gig-lamps, "then you may return and discuss your affairs of the heart at your leisure."

"Stung!" said Bud, bringing his hand down on the table so vigorously that Ikey woke up and ordered another high-ball.

Me—to the Badlands! It took me three mortal hours to convince her that Tom *was only talking about a horse.*

Hereafter when Clara Jane yearns for something swift I'll take her down and let her watch the trolley cars go by.

JOHN HENRY
AND THE HOTEL CLERK

"'We get it good and plenty every day!' said Steve."—Page 64.

JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK.

KEE BARCLAY, Jim Wilkinson and I were leaning over the counter talking to His Nobs, the Hotel Clerk, when Dan the Dyspeptic squeezed up and began to let a peep out of him about the pie he had eaten for dinner.

"Calm yourself!" said Smiling Steve, "and tell me where it bit you."

Steve has been throwing keys at the wall for some time, and he knows how to burn the beefers.

"Bit me! bit me!" snarled the old

chap; "nothing of the kind, sir! I want you to know, sir, that your pie isn't fit to eat, sir!"

"Cut it out!" suggested Steve.

"Cut it out, sir! how can I cut it out when I've eaten it, sir? It's an outrage and I shall leave this hotel to-morrow," said Dan.

"With the exception of $31.72, balance due, that will be about all from you!" said Steve.

"I'll see the proprietor," said the old fellow, moving away with a face on him like an interrupted beef stew.

"We get it good and plenty every day," said Steve, and just then Skate Peters grabbed the book and burned his John Hancock on it.

I knew his name was Skate because it looked like one on the register.

"Bath?" queried Steve.

"Only during a hot wave," said Skate.

Steve went to the ropes, but he came up smiling, as usual.

"American or European?" asked Steve.

"Neither," said Skate; "Don't you see I'm from Jersey City."

"Going to be with us long?" inquired Steve.

"Say, Bub! you're hellanall on asking questions, now aint you?" answered Skate; "you just push me into a stall and lock the gate—I'm tired."

"Front! show this gentleman to 49!" said Skate, side-stepping to avoid punishment.

Then Sweet William, the Boy

Drummer, hopped into the ring for the next round.

Willie peddles pickles for the fun he gets of it.

It is Willie's joy and delight to get a ginger ale bun on and recite " 'Ostler Joe."

When trained down to 95 flat Willie can get up and beat the clapper off " Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

When Willie gets a strangle hold on " Sheridan's Ride " you can hear horses galloping outside.

It's the rest of the community getting out of harm's way.

" Any mail? " inquired Willie.

All the mail that Willie ever gets is a postal card from the pickle factory every two weeks asking him if the

people along his route have all lost their appetites.

"No literature for you," Steve answered.

"Strange," said Willie, "my lady friends are very remiss, aren't they?"

"Yes; it looks like they were out to drop you behind the piano," said Steve.

Willie tore off a short rabbit laugh and then inquired what time the next train left for New York.

The pickle factory expects Willie to make Pocomoke City, Squashtown Junction and Nubbinsville before next Sunday, so he tossed the train gag out just to show Steve that he knows there's a place called New York.

"At 7.45 over the D. L. & Q.," said Steve.

"What's the next?" inquired Willie.

"At 8.10 over the H. B. & N.," Steve answered.

"Which gets there first?" Willie asked.

"The engineer," sighed Steve.

"Oh, you droll chap!" said the pickle pusher; "give me some toothpicks."

Then Sweet William went over to the big window, burrowed into a chair, stuck his feet up on the brass rail, ate toothpicks and thought he was *IT*.

When I got back to Steve he was dealing out the cards to a lady from Reading, Pa., and Kee and Jim had ducked to the billiard room.

Her husband had been up in the air with a bum automobile and when he

came down he was several sections shy.

They found a monkey wrench imbedded in his left shoulder which he couldn't remember using when he tried to fix the machine.

She was traveling for his health.

"My room is too near the elevator," she informed Steve.

"I can give you a very nice room on the third floor—Front! show the lady——"

"Same size room?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Same colored carpet on the floor?"

"I believe it has—Front! show the lady——"

"Southern exposure?"

"Yes, Madam, it's at the end of the hall."

"I want a room near the elevator, that's always the way in these hotels! One can never get just what one wants! At the end of the hall, indeed!" And with this she gave Steve the Society sting with both eyes and flounced out.

Steve bit the end off a pen holder and said the rest internally.

Just then a couple of troupers trailed in.

They were with the "Bandit's Bride Co.," and the way had been long and weary.

"What have you got—double?" asked the villain of the piece.

"Two dollars and up!" said Steve.

"Nothing better?" inquired Low Comedy—he was making a crack but nobody caught him.

"Four dollars, with bath," Steve suggested.

"Board?" asked the villain.

"Nothing but the sleeps and a fresh cake of soap," said Steve.

"Ring down!" Low Comedy put in; "Why, we lived a whole week in Pittsburg for less than that."

"You can turn the same trick here if you carry your own coke and sleep in the Park," said Steve.

"What's the name of this mint?" asked the villain.

Steve told him.

"To the tow-path!" said Barrett Macready; "we're outside the life lines. We thought it was the Liverwurst Hotel where they throw things at your appetite for $1 a day, double. To the left, wheel! Forward, march!"

and once more the drama was on its way.

As Low Comedy turned proudly on his heel he threw upon the counter a printed card.

Steve had it framed and glued to the wall next day.

It read as follows.

HOTEL RULES—HELP YOURSELF.

RULE 1.—We cash no checks drawn on Papa. He's a dead one.

RULE 2.—Eat all our booze you want to, but go elsewhere and select your snakes.

RULE 3.—Don't call the waitress by her first name. She's liable to spoil your appetite.

RULE 4.—Guests who desire to have nightmare will find the harness in the restaurant, so back up!

RULE 5.—To prevent guests from carrying fruit from the table we'll have no fruit. We're lucky to have the table.

RULE 6.—If you feel tired, go away back and sit down.

RULE 7.—In case of fire jump out the window and turn to the left.

RULE 8.—Breakfast from 4 to 3; dinner from hand to mouth, and supper from what's left over.

RULE 9.—Hug as many high-balls as you please, but don't wave the red flag in the office—you might disturb Harold Spotwood, the room clerk. He was out late last night.

RULE 10.—If you don't like your room, kick the bell-boy. Apply at the office for spiked shoes.

RULE 11.—If you don't see what you want ask for it and you'll get it—good and hard!

RULE 12.—Ask the bar-keeper to let you have one of our justly celebrated high tides. It will do you good.

RULE 13.—Try our boneless potato salad; apply to the night watchman.

RULE 14.—All the shines are not in the barber shop. Lie down, Fido.

RULE 15.—That will be about all from you.

JOHN HENRY
AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.

JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.

A CROSS-COUNTRY dub named Montrose has been doing the Shine specialty around Clara Jane lately.

He began to call evenings and bring a bunch of ready-grown flowers with him as big as a hay stack.

Then he'd spread around the parlor and tell her how he won the long-distance running jump in the 'or Yale class.

As you approached him from the

front the first name you saw was Clarence—Clarence Edgerton Montrose.

Wouldn't that slap you!

I don't think Clara Jane considered him the real kittens, but he could talk fast and use long words and she found him pleasant company.

She said she loved to sit and shade her eyes with the $8 fan I gave her and listen to Clarence Edgerton Montrose while he discoursed about Palestine and the Holy Land.

If he was ever there he went in a hack.

That's the trouble with some of those college come-outs! The Professors beat them over the head with a geography and then as soon as they get a crowd around they begin to go

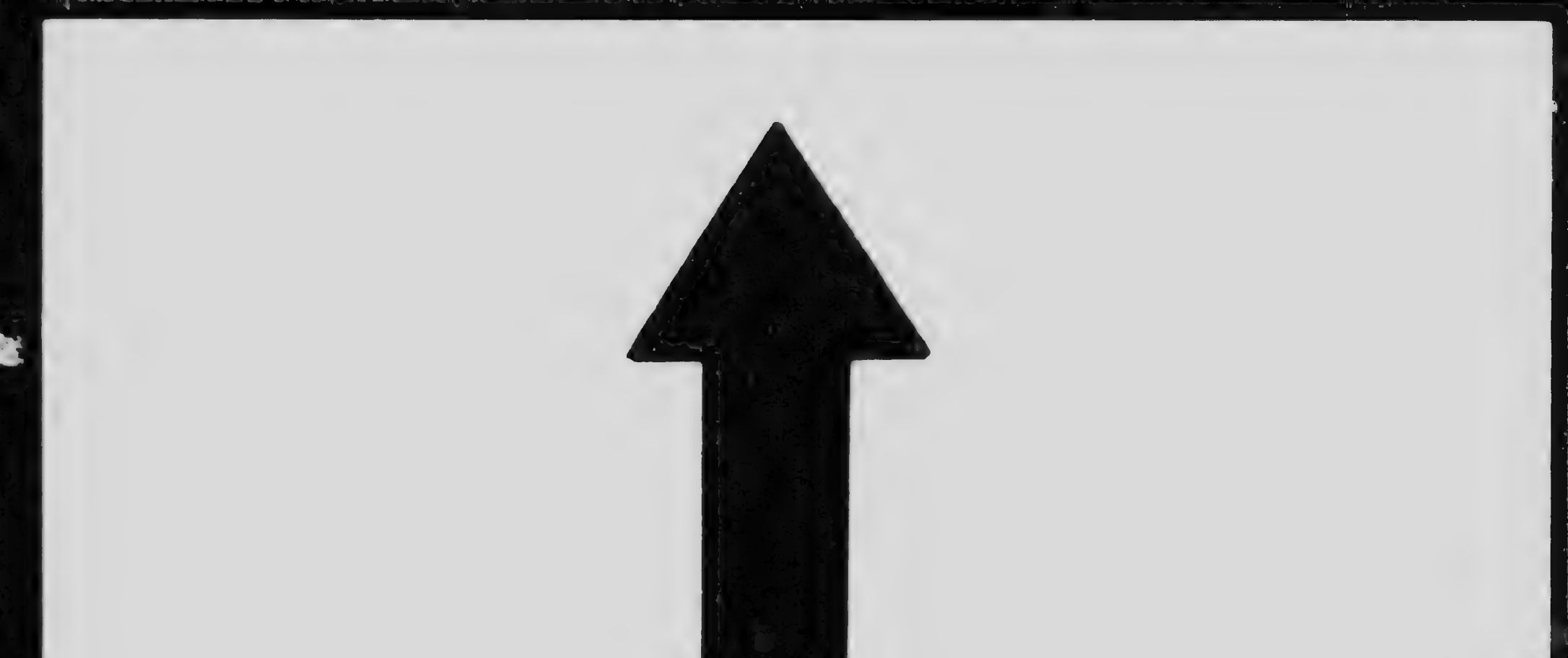
to the places that struck them hardest.

As an honest, hard-working man it was my duty to put the boots to Edgerton and run him down the lane as far as the eye could see.

So I framed up Clarence's finish with much attention to detail.

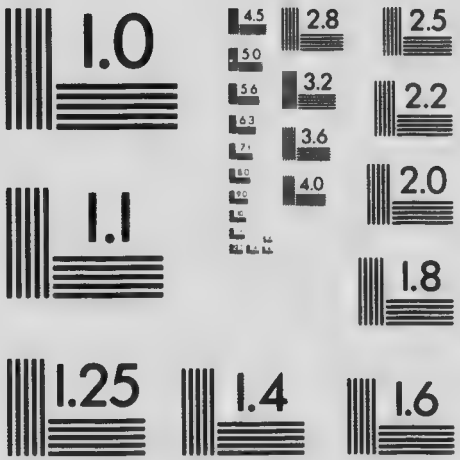
I looked over Clara Jane's dates ahead and found that Clarence had rented the house for a Wednesday matinee, so I hired one of those horseless carriage things and pulled up in front of the windows just about the time I thought His Feathers would be playing the overture.

I knew that Clara Jane would cancel the contract with the mutt that mixed in just as soon as she saw the automobile snap.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

I figured that the picture entitled "The True Lover's Departure in the Dream Wagon" would put a crimp in Clarence about the size of a barn door.

It was my third or fourth time behind the lever of the busy barouche, but I was wise that you pulled the plug this way when you wanted it to go ahead, and you shoved it back when you wanted it to stop.

When it came to benzine buggies I felt that my education was complete.

I was George Gazazza, the real Rolando, when I pulled up in front of my lady friend's front gate.

My market price was $18,000 a square inch.

In six minutes by the watch Clara Jane was down and in the kerosene caravan.

"For a chaser she wore one of those feather boas."—Page 81.

Clarence hadn't arrived.

Somebody must have put him next, but I knew where he lived and I figured it out that after we came back from Lonely Lane I'd send the landau around and around the block he camped in till I made him dizzy.

Clara Jane was the feature of the game.

She was the limit in ladies' dress goods.

For a chaser she wore one of those feather boas that feel cool because they look so warm.

Well, I turned the horseless gag into the shell road and cut loose.

We were doing about 43 miles an hour and the birdies were singing on the way.

Clarence Edgerton Montrose was

working in Shaft No. 3, back in the mines—my lady friend told me so.

She was having the time of her life.

I was her candy boy for sure.

Just then something snapped and the machine started for Portland, Maine, on the basis of a mile in eight seconds.

Clara Jane grabbed me around the neck and I grabbed the lever.

"The eccentric has buckled the thingamajig!" I yelled, pushing the lever over to stop the carryall.

The thing gave me the horse laugh, jumped over a telegraph pole, bit its way through a barb-wire fence and then started down the road at the rate of 2,000,000 miles a minute.

"Why don't you stop it?" screamed my lady friend.

"I'll be the goat; what's the answer?" I said, clawing the lever and ducking the low bridges.

We met a man on a bicycle and the last I saw of him as we whizzed by he had found a soft spot in a field about four blocks away and he was going into it head first.

We kept his bicycle and carried it along on our smoke stack.

I couldn't stop the thing to save my life.

Every time I yanked the lever the snap would let a chortle out of it's puzzle department and fly 400 feet straight through the air.

We were headed for an old ash heap, and my market price had gone down to three cents a ton.

"Don't jump!" I yelled to my lady

friend, but the wind whisked the first half of my sentence away.

Clara Jane gathered her skirts in a bunch and did a flying leap out of the crazy cab.

She landed right in the middle of that heap of fresh ashes—and she made good.

All I could see was a great, gray cloud as I pushed on to the next stand.

About half a mile further down the road the machine concluded to turn into a farm-yard and give the home folks a treat.

It went through a window in the barn, out through a skylight, did the hula dance over the lawn, and then fell in the well and stayed there, panting as though its little gas-engine heart would break.

When I limped back to Clara Jane the storm signals were flying.

She was away out on the ice.

The feather boa looked like the hawser on a canal boat, and the ashes had changed the pattern of her dress goods.

We were stingy talkers on the road home.

It will take me two years to square myself.

Hereafter, me to the trolley!

Me to the saucy stage coach when I'm due to gallop away and away!

No more benzine buggies for yours sincerely!

Never again for the bughouse barouche! Not me.

I have only one consolation: The chap we pried off the bicycle was Clarence Edgerton Montrose.

It will take him about three years and two months to find all the spots that foolish-wagon knocked off him.

Meantime, I hope to be Clara Jane's sugar buyer again.

JOHN HENRY
AT THE MUSICALE.

JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICALE.

DID you ever get ready and go to a *musicale?*

Isn't it the velvet goods?

They pulled off one at Jack Frothingham s last Wednesday evening and I had to walk up and down the aisle with the rest of the bunch.

Mind you, I like Jack, so this is no secret conclave of the Anvil Association.

Only, I wish to put him wise that when he gives his next *musicale* my

address is Forest Avenue, in the woods.

When I reached Jack's house the Burnish Brothers were grabbing groutchy music out of a guitar that didn't want to give up, and the mad revel was on.

The Burnish Brothers part their hair in the middle and always do "The Washington Post" march on their mandolins for an encore.

If Mr. Sousa ever catches them there'll be a couple of shine chord-squeezers away to the bad.

When the Burnish Brothers took a bow and backed off we were all invited to listen to a soprano solo by Miss Imogene Lukewarm.

Somebody went around and locked

the doors, so I made up my mind to die game.

A foolish friend once told Imogene she could sing, so she went out and bought up a bunch of tra-la-la's and began to beat them around the parlor.

When Imogene sings she makes faces at herself.

If she needs a high note she goes after like she was calling the dachshund in to dinner.

Imogene sang "Sleep, Sweetly Sleep," and then kept us awake with her voice.

After Imogene crept back to her cave we had the first treat of the evening, and the shock was so sudden it jarred us.

Uncle Mil came out and quivered a violin obligato entitled "The Lost

Sheep in the Mountain," and it was all there is.

Uncle Mil was the only green spot in the desert.

When he gathered the gourd up under his chin and allowed the bow to tiptoe over the bridge you could hear the nightingale calling to its mate.

I wanted to get up a petition asking Uncle Mil to play all the evening and make us all happy, but Will Bruce wouldn't let me.

Will said he wasn't feeling very well and he wanted to hear the rest of the program and feel worse.

He got his wish.

The next thing we had was Sybil, the Illusionist.

Sybil did a lot of mouldy tricks with cards and every few minutes she fell

" He gathered the gourd up under his chin."—Page 92.

down and sprained her sleight of hand.

Sybil was a polish for sure.

Then Swift McGee, the Boy Monologuist, flung himself in the breach and told a bunch of Bixbys.

It was a cruel occasion.

Swift had an idea that when it came to cracking merry booboos he could pull Lew Dockstader off the horse and leave him under the fence.

As a monologuist Swift thought he had George Fuller Golden half way across the bay, and Fred Niblo was screaming for help.

Swift often told himself that he could give Marshall P. Wilder six sure-fires and beat him down to the wire.

Swift is one of those low-foreheads

who " write their own stuff " and say " I done it ! "

After Swift had talked the audience into a chill, he pushed on and left us with a stone bruise on our memories.

Then we had Rufus Nelson, the parlor prestidigitator.

Rufus was a bad boy.

He cooked an omelet in a silk hat and when he gave the hat back to Ed. Walker the poached eggs fell out and cuddled up in Ed's hair.

Rufus apologized and said he'd do the trick over again if someone else would lend him a hat, but there was nothing doing.

When the contralto crawled under the ropes and began to tell us that the bells in the village rang ding-ding-

dong I was busy watching a Goo-goo Bird.

Did you ever spot one of those Glance-Givers?

This chap's name was Llewellyn Joyce, and he considered himself a perfect hellyon.

He thought all he had to do was to roll his lamps at a lassie and she was off the slate.

Llewellyn loved to sit around at the *musicale* and burn the belle of the ball with his goo-goo eyes.

Llewellyn needed a swift slap—that's what he needed.

Next we had the Nonpariel Quartette, and they were the boys that could eat up the close harmony!

They sang "Love, I am Lonely!"

from start to finish without stopping to call the waiter.

Then we had Clarissa Coldslaw in select recitations.

She was all the money.

Clarissa grabbed "Hamlet's Soliloquy" between her pearly teeth and shook it to death.

She got a half-Nelson on Poe's "Raven" and put it out of the business.

Then she gave an imitation of the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet.

If Juliet talked like that dame did, no wonder she took poison.

But when she let down her hair and started in to give us a mad scene—me to the sand dunes!

It was a case of flee as a bird with yours respectfully.

Those *musicale* things would be aces if the music didn't set them back.

JOHN HENRY ON GOLF

JOHN HENRY ON GOLF.

HEREAFTER golf is the game for Gillis!

Me for the niblick and the brassie—fine!

Billy Baldwin, Harry Ford and Eddie Bartlett took me out last summer and put me w[illegible] the whole lay-out.

In less than an hour I could play the game better than Doolan, and he's the man that made it.

Golf has all the other games slapped to a sit-down.

I know it because I played it once and Billy told me that as soon as a

few Scotch thistles sprouted on my shins I'd be the real rinakaboo!

Harry told me I could drive good enough to own a hack, and Eddie thought I was the likeliest side-stepper that ever did a grass-chopping specialty.

The only drawback they found was that I didn't hit the ball.

It's immense for the chest measurement to have the bunch hand you out the salve spiel—believe me!

I took my lady friend out Westchester way last week and on the road I was Reckless Robert with the big talk.

It's a habit with me to go up and butt the ceiling every time my lady friend is near enough to listen.

Most of us young guys are gushers

with the loud language when the Best and Only is in the building.

How we do like to gather the gab and hand out hints to the heroine that she's gazing on the greatest ever!

When Clara Jane asked me if I knew the game I told her that I used to room with the man that built the first links.

When she asked me his name I told her it was McDougall, because that's the name of a head-waiter who helps to spend my money.

She asked me if I knew what a lofter is and I said, "Sure, I eat them for breakfast every morning!"

When we reached Westchester we met a Society duck named Lionel von Hamburg.

I think his father invented the Hamburger steak.

Lionel was all to the best.

He was Finnegan the Fine Boy, for sure.

One of those tart little red coats squeezed his shape, and around his neck he had a pink stock that was waiting for a chance to choke him.

My lady friend met this gilly once at a bean *soirce* and she was his evening star.

They sat on the stairs together and put a kink in the caramels.

When the gong sounded for the ice-cream that night Lionel had dipped her out a tubful, and he was sure she liked him for his boyish ways.

So on this occasion it was Lionel's

play to give me the low tackle and claim the calico.

But I'm something of a Mr. Fox myself on rare occasions, and I couldn't see Lionel doing a two-step through the farm lands with my Esmeralda—not through the opera glasses.

Clara Jane introduced me to His Pinkness and he invited us in the clubhouse to throttle our thirsts.

I ordered a rickey, Clara Jane called for a lemonade, and Lionel's guess was a pail of Vichy and milk.

When the suds rolled up I gave the Vichy stuff the sad eye and Lionel caught the gaze.

I could see that he wanted to back pedal right then, but he waited until

the next round and then he waded out among the high boys.

It was the bluff of his life.

His limit on bug bitters was imported ginger ale with a piece of lime in it.

When he was out roystering and didn't care what became of him he would tell the barter er to add a dash of phosphates.

But now he made up his mind to splash around in the tide waters just because the lady was looking on.

Lionel felt that the future was at stake and he must cut out the saw-dust extracts and get busy with the grown-up booze.

After the first high ball Lionel began to chatter and mention money.

The mocking birds were singing

down on the old bayou, and he began to give Clara Jane the loving leer.

She grew a bit uneasy and wanted to start the paddle wheels, but I signalled to the waiter because I wished her to see her Society slob at his best.

At first he insisted upon dragging out a basket of Ruinart, and he wanted to order rubber boots so we could slosh around in it.

But I steered him off and he went all the way up the hill and picked out another high fellow.

When the second high was under cover he reached over and patted Clara Jane on the hand.

He wanted to lead her away to Paris and show her everything that money could buy.

When she gave him the "Sir!" gag

he apologized and said he didn't mean Paris, he meant the Pan-American.

Then he smiled feverishly and opened a package of hiccoughs.

When Clara Jane and I moved out on the links Lionel was watching the floor and trying to pick out a spot that didn't go 'round and 'round.

His chips were all in and he was Simon with the Souse, for sure.

Clara Jane said, "What a ridiculous person!" but what she meant was, that that would be about all from Lionel.

Then we chartered a couple of caddie boys and started in to render a few choice selections on the clubs.

My caddie boy's name was Mike, and he looked the part.

The first crack out of the box I lost

my ball and Mike found it under his left eye.

I gave him a quarter to square myself and he said I could hit him on the other eye for ten cents more.

I made the first hole in 26, and felt that there was nothing more to live for.

Clara Jane could have made it in 84, but she used up her nerve watching a cow in the lot about two miles away.

My lady friend is a quitter when it comes to cows.

Then we decided to stop playing and walk around the links just so we could say that we had seen most of the United States of America.

Out near the Fifth hole we met young Mil Roberts and Frank Jenvey.

They were playing a match for 60 cents a side and they were two busy boys, all right, all right.

Mil had his sleeves rolled up to show the mosquito bites on his muscles, and Frank was telling himself how he missed the last bunker.

I asked Mil what time it was and he told me, "Three up and four to play!"

I suppose that was Central time.

I handed Frank a few bars of polite conversation but he gave me the Frostburg face.

Did you ever have one of those real players pass you out the golfish glare?

You for the snowstorm when you get it—believe me!

Then Mil and Frank dove in the mudcan, cooked a pill, placed the ball

"Jake invited her to join the hunting party."—Page 109.

on it, slapped it in the slats, gave us the dreary day-day and were on their way.

It must be awful to play for money.

At the Seventh hole we found Jake Roberts ploughing the side of a hill with his niblick.

He said he lost a ball there one day last summer and he wanted it back because it belonged to a set.

Jake said he went to Three in four with that ball once, but the folks wouldn't believe him till he showed them the ball.

When I introduced him to Clara Jane he invited her to join the hunting party, and intimated that I'd enjoy the new mown scenery further down the line.

I whip-sawed him with a whistling

specialty entitled, "Why Don't You Get a Lady of Your Own?" and he promised to be good.

After we trailed over the mountains, through seven farms, across three rivers, up the valley and down the railroad, we finally reached the end of the links and took the steamer back to mother.

Clara Jane says golf would be a great game if it wasn't so far from home.

Yours till the bench breaks—believe me!

JOHN HENRY

JOHN HENRY, Hugh McHugh's first book, reached the 25,000 mark two weeks after it was published. It's popularity since then has been unprecedented.

"John Henry's philosophy is of the most approved up-to-date brand. He is by all odds a young man of the period; he is a man about town. He is a slang artist; a painter of recherche phrases; a maker of tart Americanisms.

In this book—it is "little, but oh my!"—John Henry recounts some of his adventures about town, and he interlards his descriptive passages with impressive comments on the men, women, institutions, and places, brought within his observant notice. We need not say that his comments are highly-colored; nor that his descriptions are remarkable for expressiveness and colloquial piquancy. Mr. Henry is a sort of refined and sublimated type of "Chimmie Fadden," though there is by no means anything of the gamin about him. He doesn't speak in rich coster dialect such as is used by Mr. Townsend's famous character, nor is he a mem-

ber of the same social set as the popular hero of the New York slums. Mr. Henry moves on a higher plane, he uses good English—mostly in tart superlatives—and his associates are of a high social scale.

Mr. Henry's adventures as he describes them here will make you wonder and make you laugh.

His book abounds in bon-mots of slang; the kind you hear in the theatres when the end-men, comedians and monologuists are at their wittiest and best, when they revel in mad and merry extravagances of speech and experience.

It is an art to use street-talk with force and terseness, and although it isn't the most elegant phase of the Queen's English it nevertheless impresses to the Queen's taste. Hugh McHugh has this art."—*Philadelphia Item.*

"John Henry" is only one of the numerous young men who are treating the public to the latest slang through the medium of print nowadays, but he, unlike most of the others, is original in his phrases, has the strong support of the unexpected in his humor and causes many a good laugh. For one thing, he merely tries to make fun, wisely avoiding the dangers of tediousness

in endeavoring to utter immature wisdom in the language of the brainless.

"The author, Hugh McHugh, is thought to be Mr. George V. Hobart. Certain it is that the writer is a Baltimorean, past or present; the local references evidence that. In some places the expressions have the Hobart ring to them. But if Mr. Hobart did write the stories, he has done his best work of the kind yet."—*Baltimore Herald.*

"The humor is of the spontaneous sort that runs close to truth, and it affords many a hearty laugh."—*Cleveland World.*

"As a study in slang it surpasses anything since the days of 'Artie.'"—*The Rocky Mountain News.*

"Written in the choicest slang."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"John Henry." A regular side-splitter, and as good as "Billy Baxter."—*New York Press*

"It is as good as any of the books of its kind, better than most of them, and is funny without being coarse."—*Portage Register.*

"Down The Line With John Henry" is the second of the "John Henry" books and quickly followed its predecessor along the highroad of success.

The story of "John Henry at the Races" in "Down The Line" has already grown to be a Classic in Slang. It is brimful of human nature and is amusing in the highest degree.

CONTENTS OF "DOWN THE LINE."

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES.
JOHN HENRY AND THE DRUMMERS.
JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA.
JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK.
JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.
JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICALE.
JOHN HENRY PLAYS GOLF.

Down the Line' is one good laugh from cover to cover, and some of the experiences of this clever man are both amusing and interesting. The book is illustrated with some clever sketches by McKee Barclay."—*St. Louis Star.*

"As in the former volume, the present collection of stories is concerned with adventures of a man about town. It abounds in the weirdest and newest slang, *recherché* expressions and rare Americanisms. There is much clever satire on the manners and habits of Americans. The 'down-to-date' man who is fond of slang will find in the volume a new supply for his vocabulary."—*Los Angeles Express.*

"In order to enjoy it you have got to tackle it like Wagner and chain yourself down for three or four sittings, and then you are *en rapport*, as to speak. Come again, Jonathan!"—*Denver Republican.*

"It's Up to You!" is the third book in the John Henry series. This story of domestic bliss relates the adventures of John Henry during his courtship and marriage.

"It's Up to You!" has been pronounced by critics everywhere the funniest book of the year.

It is no exaggeration to say there is a laugh in every line for this fact is amply demonstrated by the enormous demand for the book.

CONTENTS OF "IT'S UP TO YOU!"

JOHN HENRY'S COURTSHIP.
JOHN HENRY'S WEDDING.
JOHN HENRY'S HONEYMOON TRIP.
JOHN HENRY'S SEASHORE VISIT.
JOHN HENRY HUNTS A FLAT.
JOHN HENRY ENTERTAINS FRIENDS
JOHN HENRY PLAYS PING PONG.

"'It's Up to You' stares out from the yellow cover. From a mere passing sight at the familiar cheese-cloth binding and the portrait of the faultless gentleman in the choker, one might easily think it was an old wandering copy of the original 'John Henry'; one hardly dares hope it is a new edition of that worthy's confidence. But it is. And John Henry stabs us with his sentiment. He commences: 'Seven of us were entered in the race for Clara J.'s affections.' Then he delightfully tells us how he won out from the 'other six society shines.' The chapter explaining his method of dragging papa's and mama's consent away from them is clogged with many smiles, and before the finish of the honeymoon trip, the 'holler' is certainly 'Up to You!' After a bit John Henry hunts a flat. The finding of the flat is the richest slice of the book. He does more—he lives in it—with the consent of the folks above and below; he entertains and concludes the third little volume of his spicy adventures with a game of ping-pong. Now, never mind—All men make mistakes.

"We have not heard near so much about John Henry as we have of ping-pong; we sincerely hope to learn more of the former,

ıd we fervently pray to be delivered from the latter. However, in the midst of the plague, the half million special newspaper scribes who issue a column of unintelligible rot daily concerning the silly game should each secure a copy of 'Its Up to You' and learn how to write descriptions of ping-pong. It is there with all the lucidity of a press prize fight story. If you must ring in an old subject do it well—and perhaps you will be forgiven.

"There is nothing very long, or broad, or deep in the John Henry books. A man who attempts to criticise a hearty laugh wastes his time, besides betraying his lack of a good dinner. We have heard the tales of John Henry were often written in a single night, and that their first mission was to advertise certain other things, but we will gladly say nothing about it. They are a decided success; they are not copies of things we have read before; they are the cleverest bits of writing yet received from the pen of George V. Hobart. Let us hope that the train boys will not stop selling them."—*Baltimore Herald.*

"Back to the Woods," the fourth of the John Henry series, is without exaggeration one hearty laugh from cover to cover. The cleverly conceived plot and the extremely comic incidents in this book form the basis of the "John Henry" play now so successfully touring the United States.

CONTENTS OF "BACK TO THE WOODS."

JOHN HENRY'S LUCKY DAYS.
JOHN HENRY'S GHOST STORY.
JOHN HENRY'S BURGLAR.
JOHN HENRY'S COUNTRY COP.
JOHN HENRY'S TELEGRAM.
JOHN HENRY'S TWO QUEENS.
JOHN HENRY'S HAPPY HOME.

"This new 'John Henry' book is really the best of the four written and further portrays the fortunes and misfortunes of John Henry, Clara Jane, Uncle Peter, Bunch, Aunt Martha and Tacks."—*New England Stationer.*

"The many friends of John Henry will warmly welcome his reappearance in the pages of Hugh McHugh's latest yarn, "Back to the Woods." His thoroughly up-to-date slang and infectious humor have lost nothing of their freshness since this breezy man about town was last with us."—*Newark News.*

"We will wager that over the whole story the reader will laugh his money's worth. A small, well charged, effective book."—*Evening Sun.*

"Back to the Woods," the story of a fall from grace, which for effervescent humor and sparkling wit, quaint and original twists of satire and ludicrous situations is so far superior to like late books as to justly merit being regarded as a classic in up-to-date slang."—*N. Y. American.*

HUGH McHUGH'S
FIVE FAMOUS BOOKS
320,000 Copies Sold

"OUT FOR THE COIN"
FIRST EDITION 30 000 COPIES

"BACK TO THE WOODS"
50,000 COPIES SOLD

"IT'S UP TO YOU!"
60,000 COPIES SOLD

"DOWN THE LINE WITH JOHN HENRY"
70,000 COPIES SOLD

"JOHN HENRY"
110,000 COPIES SOLD

The Five Books are Illustrated. Cloth Bound, Gilt Top, 75 Cents Each

---

For sale by all Booksellers or sent by mail, POSTAGE FREE, on receipt of price by

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO., Publishers
119-121 West 23d St., New York

POPULAR BOOKS.

A SPECKLED BIRD. By Augusta Evans Wilson.

This new novel by the author of "St. Elmo" is a powerful story, the scenes of which take place soon after the close of the Civil War. Its title is taken from the scripture "As a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her." "A Speckled Bird" bears quite as many marks of the author's genius and fascinating style, as does "St. Elmo," which, thirty-six years after issue, still holds its popularity. **12mo, cloth bound, $1.50.**

THE CROMPTONS. By Mary J. Holmes.

Nearly four million copies of Mrs. Holmes' books have been sold, and "The Cromptons," one of her best stories, will be welcomed by thousands of her admirers. In "The Cromptons" Mrs. Holmes loses none of her exquisite characterizations. It is a story of absorbing interest. **Cloth bound, $1.00.**

ENOCH STRONE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

"It vividly recalls Mrs. Ward's 'Sir George Tressady' and Charles Reade's 'Put Yourself in His Place.' It is a strong novel, full of surprises in plot, excellent in style and composition, and bound to become a popular success." — *Indianapolis Sentinel.* **Cloth bound. $1.50.**

DENSLOW'S NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. The old classic story, illustrated by W. W. Denslow.

Here is the best Christmas story ever told. The man is yet to be born who can write anything to supersede what has made St. Nicholas and his tiny reindeer living and breathing realities to millions of children throughout the world.

Embellished, as it is, with the whimsical humor of Mr. Denslow's inimitable drawings, produced in colors by the most beautiful printing, it will eclipse all other juvenile picture books of the year. **A large Quarto, handsomely bound in illuminated Board Cover, $1.50.**

THE PAGAN'S CUP. By Fergus Hume. Author of "The Mystery of A Hansom Cab," "The Rainbow Feather," etc.

This is a thrilling detective story, in which the interest and mystery is well sustained. The characters are finely drawn and many of the scenes and climaxes are very impressive. **Cloth bound, $1.25.**

THE STORY OF THE ROUGH RIDERS. By Edward Marshall.

The most intensely interesting book of modern times. It is devoted entirely to this one famous regiment. It contains a *complete roster of the regiment*, and is profusely illustrated from photographs and drawings. **12mo, Illustrated, cloth bound, $1.50.**

THE KISS OF GLORY. By Grace Duffie Boylan.

A narrative of the life of Joseph, the son of Jacob. His captivity, release and love life.

Love as it murmurs in the heart of the boy and thunders in the soul of the man, is the keynote of this unusual romance of the 18th dynasty; and Joseph, the most picturesque of historical characters, has been chosen by the author as the hero of the story. But while the thread of Bible narrative appears here and there, connecting the thrilling series of adventures with the dramatic and beautiful denouement, the novel is not a religious one, and the name of Deity does not appear in its pages.

This novel, which is as simple as it is scholarly, and human as it is poetic, will touch the chords of nature everywhere, and appeal to readers of every taste and condition. **Illustrations and cover design by J. C. LEYENDECKER. Cloth, 12mo, $1.50.**

LIONEL ARDON. By Malcolm Dearborn.

A brilliant story of love and chivalry, the plot of which is laid in England, beginning with the reign of Henry VIII, and extending through to that of Queen Elizabeth. In it is drawn a beautiful picture of Lady Jane Grey, bringing to the sympathy and admiration of novel readers that woman of purity and exquisite sensibilities. A thoroughly enjoyable story, which last year ran through the McClure syndicate as a serial, and created great interest and comment among many readers. **12mo, handsomely bound in cloth, $1.50.**

THE IRON BRIGADE. A Story of the Army of the Potomac. By General Charles King.

In choosing the subject of this story General King has taken one of the most gallant and heroic organizations of the Civil War, and woven around it many intensely interesting historic scenes. Sketches of Lincoln Stanton, Grant, Meade and other prominent characters of the time lend much to the holding power of the story. **Illustrations by R. F. ZOGBAUM. Cloth bound, $1.50.**

THE FOOL. By Wm. H. Carson. Author of "Hester Blair."

"The Fool" is really a man of parts; cultivated above others in the village and possessed of legal knowledge, together with considerable means, left him by his father, all of which he contrives, for reasons of his own, to keep from knowledge of his neighbors, and reveals only to his dog, a canine of supernormal intelligence, with whom he holds long conversations. He treats the reader to some quaint and interesting bits of philosophizing on life and its ways. **Illustrated, 12mo, Cloth bound, $1.50.**

NORMAN HOLT. By Gen. Charles King.

"In 'Norman Holt,' the newest historical romance by General Chas. King, the American public has been given his strongest work. If he had done nothing but this one work he would live long in the history of American letters." — *N. Y. Press.* **Cloth bound, Illustrated, $1.25.**

THE ROLE OF THE UNCONQUERED. By Test Dalton.

A thrilling historical narrative, abounding with life and action, of the courtship of Henry of Navarre and Marie de Medici.

"One has only to open the book anywhere and glance down one of its pages in order to agree with General Lew Wallace that the story is 'animated, carefully arranged, dramatic, and unusually interesting'; or with James Whitcomb Riley that it is 'an unusually entertaining work'; or with Booth Tarkington that it is 'like sitting at a good old fashioned drama where all's well that ends well.'"—*The Literary Digest.* **Cloth bound, $1.50.**

NEW ENGLAND FOLKS. By Eugene W. Presbrey.

"A sunshine and shadow novel which opens a vista along a cool country lane and brings all the freshness of rustic air and the breath of roadside flowers to the delighted senses of the reader."—*Albany Times-Union.* **Cloth bound, $1.25; paper covers, 50c.**

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND. By Maurice Thompson, Author of "Alice of Old Vincennes."

"It bears quite as many marks of the genius of the author as does 'Alice of Old Vincennes,' with the additional charm, perhaps, of more buoyancy and beauty of thought and expression."—*Topeka Capital.* **Cloth bound, Illustrated, $1.50.**

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS. Memories of Famous Men and Women of the Platform and Stage. By Major J. B. Pond.

"Every consideration bids one characterize this as a remarkable book. It has a thousand charms and a thousand points of interest. It is full of striking gems of thought, rare descriptions of men and places; biographical bits that delight one by their variety, and the distinction of those alluded to. From a literary view it is as interesting as Disraeli's famous 'Curiosities of Literature.'" —*Philadelphia Item.* **8vo, cloth bound, gilt top, $3.50.**

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES. By Cleveland Moffett.

Containing stories from the Archives of the Pinkertons. Thrilling accounts of The Northampton Bank Robbery, The Susquehanna Express Robbery, The Pollock Diamond Robbery, The Rock Island Express, The Destruction of the Renos, and The American Exchange Bank Robbery. **16mo, cloth bound, 75c.**

UNDER A LUCKY STAR. By Charlotte Abell Walker.

Tells what occupation to adopt and what line of life to follow, what associates and partners to choose, how to recognize the possibilities and limitations of our friends and ourselves, suggestions on marriage and government of children, being mainly culled from the minds of ancient and modern philosophers. **Illustrated, cloth bound, $1.50.**

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID. By Frances Gordon Fane.

"A clever, well-written story, full of love and pathos, and thrilling with dramatic crises. Each step of the domestic tragedy is skilfully portrayed, until the final climax is reached. Its author has made it a powerful, telling story to read."—*N. Y. World.*
"The author's ability as a story writer is unquestioned. The book is thoroughly readable."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*
12mo, cloth bound, $1.50.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF POLITICS. By George S. Hilton.

Nothing has ever been written like this book. It gives many amusing stories told in the House and Senate in Washington. The book is replete with anecdotes of many living politicians. Their names are given, as well as the occasions which called forth the stories. **12mo, cloth bound, $1.25.**

JOHN WINSLOW. By Henry D. Northrup.

"Country life at its best is admirably treated, and there is a wealth of incident and reminiscence, humorous and pathetic, throughout the book."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.* **Cloth bound, Illustrated, $1.50.**

OLD JED PROUTY. By Richard Golden and Mary E. Francis.

"A novel that is worthy to become a New England classic, and to cause the name of 'Old Jed' to be as widely known in the book-loving world as it is on the stage."—*N. Y. Journal.* **Cloth bound, $1.50.**

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE. By Cutliffe Hyne.

12mo, cloth bound, illustrated, $1.50.

A MASTER OF FORTUNE. Being Further Adventures of "Captain Kettle." By Cutliffe Hyne.

"Nobody who has followed the gallant sailor — diminutive, but oh, my! — in his previous adventures around the earth, is going to miss this red-hot volume of marvelous exploits."—*N. Y. World.*

"It has the dash and tinge of reality that makes you feel as if you were in the midst of it all."—*Detroit Free Press.*

12mo, cloth bound, illustrated, $1.50.

JOSH BILLINGS' "OLD FARMER'S ALLMINAX."

A reproduction of the Famous Comic Allminax which ran from 1870 to 1880. Millions of copies were sold, and for ten years it was the most popular of all comic books. The continuous demand since it has been out of print justifies the present unique reproduction.

Cloth bound, Profusely illustrated, $1.50.

THE PERVERTS. By W. L. Howard.

This remarkable work is a romance in which are graphically described the many morbid mental conditions existing in society to-day.

"The style is clear, brisk and straightforward. The situations are in many instances dramatic, particularly noticeable in the final climax which brings the story to an abrupt and astonishing close." — *Albany Times-Union.* **Cloth bound, $1.50.**

A SLEEPING MEMORY. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Author of "Enoch Strone," etc.

This story might be taken as a plea for the feasibility of the doctrine of reincarnation, or a succession of totally different lives here on earth. In the present widespread taste for speculative thought, along the lines that awaken wonder, it will cause much discussion. Its sustained interest from start to finish is intense. **Cloth bound, $1.50.**

THE SONG OF THE SWORD. A Romance of 1796. By Leo Ditrichstein.

"The scenes and characters of this stirring period have afforded fruitful themes for novelists and dramatists of a century; but few writers have presented its romantic features and its critical situations more vividly or more dramatically than they are presented in this story."—*Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer.* **12mo, cloth bound, gilt top, Illustrated, $1.50.**

THE DAY OF PROSPERITY. A Vision of the Century to Come. By Paul Devinne.

A vivid, startling and original picture of a reconstructed world, a novel with an ingenious plot, and a sparkling and fantastic story of life in the year 2000. A solution of today's most mooted problems; differing from Bellamy and kindred thinkers though following somewhat similar lines. A very engrossing novel, with humanly sympathetic characters. **Cloth bound, $1.50.**